

Returned Warrior

by Calyna

Category: Dragon Ball Z

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-04-21 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-04-21 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 15:15:42

Rating: K

Chapters: 11

Words: 18,694

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: This is really the Epilogue/Forgotten Warrior, Prologue/Returned Warrior. Bulma & Trunks figure out what race Calyna is

1. Default Chapter Title

Returned Warrior

Bulma leaned back in her chair holding her 3rd cup of coffee after telling Trunks about Calyna's time there. It had taken a few hours to tell, and it was late, but neither of them were in a hurry to leave. They just sat quietly, thinking their own thoughts. Bulma broke the silence with a giggle. "Vegeta swore every year he would get us back for that trick we played on April Fools. He never did. It took him a few days after Calyna almost killed him for him to heal close to normal. He wasn't happy about it in the least." Trunks grinned. He could imagine his father getting really mad about it. "Do you have any idea why she left? I wonder what she was taking about when she said she had to go. Why was the army in danger?" I don't know Trunks. We may never know. She was a puzzle all right. We had a few clues, but never all the pieces, and the pieces we had we couldn't fit together." "Mom, did you ever try and find out what race she was from what she told Goku? Maybe that could give us a clue." Bulma spun her chair to her computer after handing Trunks the coffee pot. "The robots are turned off. Go get some more coffee. This might take a while." Trunks took the pot upstairs and Bulma started working on the computer. "um, Race that starts with Ter.. the Terko marathon??? nope, definitely not it. I don't want that kind of race." Trunks came back with the coffee and Bulma started drinking another cup. Trunks started to fall asleep after a while in his chair when he was awakened by a shriek. "Trunks!! I found it!!" Trunks leaped out of his chair, blinking rapidly, trying to clear his vision. "Uh, What? oh, right" Trunks went and joined Bulma at the computer. "See? I found a list of races. there's only 2 that start with Ter. Terichan and... Teryian. Let's look at Terichan first." She clicked on the name and they both read the information that came up.

The computer read, "The Terichans were an old race, who were technically advanced. They had a long lifespan, looking like they aged very little after many years. A small race, they usually had light hair, smallish light eyes, and very short. Despite their size, the Terichans were extremely powerful. The extent of their power was never known, for the fact that no Terichan could fully control their power. most could only control to 1/4 of their power, a rare few controlling half. They were a soft-spoken race, preferring to avoid fighting, and most did not fight until they were threatened. They were once Allies of the fighting race known as the Saiyans. When the Saiyans started to become barbaric and caring only for fighting, the Terichans broke the Alliance. But a few Saiyans and Terichans had bonded, and they were exiled from both races. The exiled Saiyans and Terichans found a new planet and settled it, and the people there became known as the Teryians. The Terichan's planet met with several years of drought and sickness. Last known, the planet was devoid of any life." Bulma leaned back from the computer. "well, that was interesting, but I don't think Calyna was a Terichan. She wasn't that short and she enjoyed fighting." "Well, then let's look at the Teryians mom" Bulma nodded and clicked on the Teryians.

The computer read, "Teryians were the offspring of the Terichans and the Saiyans. They were a small in number, and their home planet was secluded, so little is known about them. Those who encountered a Teryian, usually in a fighting tournament, said that Teryians were the most dangerous and powerful of all races. With the combined strengths of the Terichans and Saiyans, many believed them to be unbeatable. They had the immense power of the Terichans, but their Saiyan half gave them the ability to control more than the Terichans were able, but still none ever reached full ability. They had a medium build, usually with the hair of the Terichans, but their eyes were usually large, although most were light colored. It is believed at there are no more Teryians left, but there maybe one or two left. " Bulma turned off the computer. "That's her. It practically discribed her to a T." Bulma yawned. "Trunks, it's 3am. We need to go to bed." Bulma stood up and headed to her room. Trunks turned and went to his room, but went outside first. He gazed up at the stars, thinking. "I wonder if she's still alive. And I wonder if she's still alive. And if she is, will she ever come back? It would be nice to have another warrior to spar with. Teryian. Interesting." Trunks went back inside and went to bed, still curious.

On a distant planet...

A young woman was striding toward a space pod. Her stride was a bit wobbly, but nothing to bad. Two men about her age dashed behind, trying to talk her out of leaving. "Calyna! You can't leave now! You just recently got enought strength back to get out of bed, let alone travel!! You're in no condition to do that!" Calyna spun around, her fists clenched. She had aged some, looking more like she was 20-22. Her eyes were the same Ice blue, her hair still blonde. But her face was now pale and gaunt, and there were dark circles under her eyes, which were blazing angerly. " That's exactly why I must go now, because I may not be able to later!! I don't know how I have, so I must go now!! and Durin, don't EVER try and tell me what I can or can't do." She pointed a finger at the younger man next to Durin, who was opening his mouth to say something. "You don't say anything either Dayel. I respect your opinions. you lead the army well while I was gone. But right now, neither of you can do anything to stop me." She went into the space pod and blasted off. Dayel shook his head,

sighing. He claped Dayel, who was his younger brother on the shoulder. "Well Dayel, She's right. We couldn't have done anything to stop her. The war's finally over, thanks to her. Let's go home."

Calyna settle ddown in the pod, sighing wearily. "Finally, I can go back. I wonder what has happened on earth while I've been gone."

2. Chapter 2

Returned Warrior:Chapter 1

Calyna's pod landed on earth and settled down. Calyna was asleep in the pod, her arms crossed, her head tilted to on side. The pod gave a warning beep. It had be programed to watch it's passengers life signs, which Calyna didn't know about, and it tried to send a signal like it was programmed to, but it was out of range. Calyna soon woke up with a start and opened the door. She stepped out and looked around. "This doesn't look familiar at all. Where am I?" She went back to the pod and checked it's programming. She slammed her fist down on the control panel. "Idiots! They put in the wrong landing place. Great." She went back outside and looked around again. "I'll have to find someone who can tell me where I am." She flew into the air, planning to travel that way, but after a few feet she wavered and fell. "Blast. Durin was right. I don't even have enough strength to FLY right now." So she starting walking in what she hoped was the right direction. She later reached a road and hailed down the first car she saw. The driver slowed down and pulled over, put warily locked his door before talking to her. "Could you tell me where I am?" The driver looked at her strange. He didn't like the look of this girl with the drawn face and haunted eyes. "You're several miles south of Forest Town." Calyna arched an eyebrow. "Forest Town? I've never heard of it. Ok, How far am I from Capsule Corp., and which direction is it?" The driver snorted. It's about 50 miles from here, to the east." OK, Tha-" Calyna leaped back as the driver speed off. "Man, what was with him? Well, I guess I probably don't look like the most trust-worthy person. I'll have to work on my people skills." She headed of toward Capsule Corp, hoping to get in a few miles before dark.

The next morning, Calyna woke up because of something crawling over her. She brushed it off, and stood up, working out the kinks that she got while sleeping. The ground wasn't the most comfortable bed. She took of again, not even trying to fly. She figured that she might as well give herself a chance to build up power. In the days that followed, she found herself getting weaker, and she slept restlessly at night. One morning she had to find herself a walking stick so she could keep going. Early that afternoon, she crested a hill and stoped. "this looks familiar. She looked around, and saw destroyed landscape, dead,burned trees and ruins all round her. "What happened? Who did this whle I was gone? Was I gone so long?" She walked down the hill, leaning heavily on her staff. She finally reached the outskirts of the city where Capsule Corp. was located. She stoped people, trying to find her way to Capsule Corp., but people would glance at her and hurry away, frightened by her appearence. As it got dark, she started to shiver, all though she didn't know way. It was fairly warm out. She made her way into an abandoned building and collapsed on the floor, and fell into a restless sleep.

"Trunks, I need you to go shopping today! I'd do it myself, but I have stuff to do in my lab. The list's on the fridge." "Sure mom." Trunks found the list and headed for town. He walked into the store and was greeted by a grocer that knew him and his mom. "Hey Trunks! There was a girl trying to get to your place last night. Asked everyone she could. didn't get an answer I think. I could see why. she looked strange." "What? I wonder why. What did she look like?" "I didn't look real close at her. I'd have to say medium height, she had blonde hair. One person told me she had eyes that freaked them out. She leaned on a staff. looked pretty tired to me." Trunks shrugged and did the shopping, but thought about it the entire time. As he was about to leave, he realized something he hadn't thought of before. "hey, did you see where she went off to Dave?" "Last I saw, she went into the old building across the street. Never saw her come out." "Thanks."

Trunks quickly dumped the groceries in the car and went to the building. He went through the open door and peered into the dim light. He was about to leave when he saw a bundled up shape out of the corner of his eyes and he went over and moved it. he found himself staring into the face of the girl. One glance and he knew he had been right in thinking it had been Calyna. It also told him she was flushed. he told himself it was probably a fever. He picked her up, surprised at how little she weighed. He carefully put her in the car and drove home. He got her out of the car and opened the door. "Mom! Come here. You need to see something." Bulma came out of her lab, annoyed. "Trunks, you know I hate being disturbed while I'm work-" She then saw who he was carrying. "Where did you find her? What happened to her? Go put her in her old room." Trunks headed off to do as Bulma said. "I found her in an old abandoned building, and I have no idea what happened to her. how could I? Bulma ignored his question. "I need to go get some medicine. Stay with her. if she wakes up, there's no telling what she'll do in that state. She doesn't know you, so be ready. She might attack you, thinking you're an enemy." Trunks nodded and settled down in a chair.

Late that morning, Trunks was still waiting for Bulma to get back. Calyna started to toss in the bed and he moved over to hold her down. Her eyes snapped open at his touch and they stared into his eyes for a moment before she tossed him against a wall.

3. Chapter 3

Returned Warrior Chapter 2: Let the spats begin

Bulma raced home, her face red from yelling at that stupid nurse who wouldn't give her medicine and delayed her going back home. She jumped out of the car and opened the door. "Trunks!!! I'm back!!" She listened for an answer but instead heard the distinctive THUMP! of somebody hitting the wall. "Crap! Trunks, I warned you." Bulma dashed up the stairs.

Trunks pushed himself away from the wall only to be shoved hard against it with Calyna's hands at his throat. "Oh crap. how am I gonna get outta this one?"

Bulma busted the door open, screaming, "Calyna!! Quit it! you're back at capsule Corp!! He's a good guy, my son!" Calyna's hands fell away

from Trunks' neck and he hunched over, rubbing his neck. Calyna sagged against the bed, staring at Bulma. "Bulma? It's really you? How did I get here? And he's your son?" She fell back on the bed. "You have a lot to fill me in on Bulma. Where's everyone else?" "First thing first." Bulma shook the medicine bottle in Calyna's face. "You have to take some of this." Calyna made a face and protested. "I don't need that. I'm not feeling great, but give me a few days-" "NO. You may think you can shake it off, but I don't want you getting a bad fever, so you're gonna take it." Bulma got the medicine ready, with Calyna protesting all the while, but her protests kept getting weaker till she stopped with a sigh. "Ok, fine." Bulma handed her a small cup. "Drink this." Calyna took it and emptied it in one gulp, her face clearly showing her distaste. Bulma watched carefully. "SWALLOW it. don't just hold it in your mouth. That's not going to work. Trunks used to do that. I learned to tell when he hadn't swallowed." Trunks, during this time, who had been leaning against the wall, shaking with silent laughter, looked at Bulma. "Mom! I did not." "Yes you did." Calyna swallowed the medicine before she spat it out because she was alughing so hard. Trunks shot her a baleful look. "Yeah, you laugh now. She's not your mom." "So? I lived with her and Vegeta for long enough." Trunks stalked out the door in a huff. Bulma turned off the light. "Now you go to sleep." "Bulma! you said you'd tell me what happened!" "I know. I lied. I'll tell you after you sleep." Bulma shut the door, not staying to hear anything else Calyna might say. Calyna growled and turned over on her side. She was tired, not like she would've Bulma that.

The next morning, Bulma and Trunks were at the table, talking quietly. Calyna jogged down, wearing a pair of dark green jeans with a blue shirt. "Thanks for telling me breakfast was ready. Is this all that's left? Bulma, are you finally going to tell me what happened now?" Bulma nodded and started telling Calyna all that had happened in the time she has been gone. At the end of the narrative, Calyna leaned back. "So everyone else is dead, except for Chichi? Those Androids really wrecked havoc didn't they. Figures it was Goku that got sick. I wish I could've been here to help." Trunks crossed his arms, in a bad mood that morning. He said bitterly, "Well, you weren't, and they all died. And don't think that if you had stuck around the others would be alive. I got rid of them, so you can just take it easy here and have a soft life." Calyna jumped up, her chair flying backwards. "Shut up! Do you think I'm glad I was gone?! I would've done anything to keep them from dying, even Vegeta, the pain he was. Don't get all high and mighty on me. I came back as soon as I could, and how was I supposed to know that the Androids would come. I've lost as much as you, more than you know, and I'm not going to be insulted and put down." Calyna stormed out of the house, her hair whipping around her face.

Trunks sank down into his chair with an angry scowl on his face that would've made Vegeta proud. Bulma thwacked him on the shoulder. "Trunks! What wrong with you this morning. You've been cranky all morning. I'm warning you, tread carefully with Calyna. Stop taking your anger out on her. She's only been here a day and she's got a lot to get used to." Bulma stood up and went to her lab. "Go train or something."

Calyna strode angrily through the town, raging silently. "Who does he think he is, talking like that. He has no right! He may have been through a lot, but that doesn't mean I haven't and that he can put me down. Idiot! Fool! He's as ignorant and prideful as his dad. Pity. I

wanted to punch his face in, but I couldn't in front of Bulma. Maybe later.." Calyna looked up and saw her way blocked by a group of young men, who were smiling strangely. One stepped forward, and she assumed he was the leader. "Hey Babe, wanna go for a drive then have some fun at our place?" The guy reached forward and brushed her hair back from her face, smiling. Calyna's face contorted in rage and she punched the guy hard, sending him crashing through a building wall. The rest of his group came out her, but she swiftly dealt out punishment, and left them moaning on the ground. She spun around before leaving. "Don't you EVER try to do that again. What do you think I am? Your plaything? Get a life you sicko's." Calyna stormed off, feeling a little better after punching them.

Trunks trained furiously in the Gravity room, ranting angrily. "Who does she think she is?! Someone who can just come back after a long absence and continue living here as if nothing had happened, that's who. Well, I'm not going to let her. When she found out what happened, she didn't even LOOK sad. Huh, I bet it was just an act. Kami, I wanted to punch her so bad, make her regret ever saying stuff like that to me. But I couldn't with mom there. Maybe later.."

Calyna looked at the time and decided that she should go back to Capsule Corp. She wasn't feeling good again. "Huh, if Trunks is there, maybe I'll get to punch his face in anyway. he promises to be atleast a good sparring partner."

4. Chapter 4

Returned Warrior Chapter 3: Spirits of the Past

Calyna put her hair into a high pony tail, saying to Trunks, "Let's get going. Put the gravity to what ever you want." Trunks scowled and put the gravity to 75x. His and Calyna's relationship hadn't improved at all in the week she had been there. They were constantly mad at each other for some reason or any other. They rarely actually yelled and fought with each other, there was always tension between them, and when they actually talked to each other, usually they weren't very nice to each other. This never failed to drive Bulma crazy. Calyna drew her sword, taking up a fighting stance. Trunks whipped his sword out and dove at her, attacking her with his sword. She parried his thrust and they began fighting in earnest.

Bulma leaned in the doorway, watching the two fighting inside the gravity chamber. She sighed in exasperation. "Why do those two insist on being angry with each other? They're both lonely and need a friend, but neither of them admits it. Vegeta and I were always fighting, but this is different. I wish they'd come to terms with each other."

Trunks and Calyna had abandoned using their swords and were fiercely hand fighting. After a while, they stopped and Trunks turned off the gravity. Calyna pushed escaped hair behind her ear. "That was fun. Later Trunks." Trunks crossed his arms and watched her fly off. She was going to visit ChiChi. "She's not so bad. She's a good sparring partner at least. Maybe I have assumed that she had been having an easy life while she was gone." He shrugged and didn't think about it anymore.

The next morning, Trunks headed down to the kitchen to eat, and was surprised to find that Bulma and Calyna weren't there. He found a note from Bulma, saying, "Trunks, I'm dragging Calyna off to go shopping. She grew out of most of her old clothes. Breakfasts in the fridge. See yah later." Trunks shrugged and ate most of the food that was in the fridge.

That evening, Trunks decided to go to town himself. Bulma and Calyna weren't back yet, and he was bored. He headed for Hope City Parlor, where most of the people his age hung out. He rounded the corner and almost ran into Calyna and his mom, who was carrying bags full of clothes. "Trunks! Watch where you're going! What are you doing in town?" "Sorry Mom. I was bored, so I decided to go to the parlor." "Well, why don't you take Calyna with you? It's high time she met some other kids your guy's age." Trunks really didn't like the idea, but agreed. Bulma headed off for home, while he and Calyna continued to the Parlor. They went in, and Trunks was greeted by a few he knew. Some of the girls there attached themselves to him and persuaded him to dance. Trunks obliged, glad that his mother had insisted that he learn to dance. He shot a glance at Calyna and saw that she had already gotten a group of young men around her. He had to admit, she looked great in her new clothes. She was wearing a pair of black pants, with a black leather jacket on a red tank top. He only had a moment to think of this, before he was dragged back to the dance floor. After a few hours, they left, waving good-bye to the others. As they headed home, Calyna looked over at Trunks. "Thanks for taking me with you Trunks. I know you didn't want to." Trunks shrugged his shoulders. "No big problem."

Late that night, Calyna tossed and turned in her bed, unable to sleep. Her heart was in turmoil, and she was debating with herself. "I can't be starting to like him. I can't let myself love someone again. I refuse to. But he seemed different tonight. Why did I feel so.. jealous this evening? How is he doing this to me! Huh, some of those girls were practically drooling over him. That was disgusting the way they acted. But, I have to admit, he did look handsome tonight." She fell asleep after a moment.

Calyna opened her eyes to pitch black. "What, where am I? I'm not at Capsule Corp." She spun around, trying to see through the dark. There was something about this place. It was eerily familiar, and she felt like she was in a cage. She froze as something brushed past her, and she heard a whisper. "Where are you indeed warrior? Don't you recognize this place? You've been here before, haven't you." "No, I've never been here. Why can't I see? Who are you?" Another voice joined the first, full of pain and bitterness. "Don't you remember us? Have you forgotten us?" Calyna started to get angry, and clenched her fists. "How can I remember you when I don't know who you are! Show me where I am and how you are!" "Very well then 'Tichanos'" Calyna reeled back at the name. "Why do you call me that? Only two called me that name." "Yes, only two.." The darkness receded and she was standing in a burnt, desolate field, with nothing left alive. She walked forward, searching for something that had the faintest shade of green to show it was alive. She finally found an old tree, magnificent, tall, but sickly and barely alive. It was trying to grow and heal, but thorns and other roots kept it from succeeding, and poison was eating at its roots. She screamed in frustration. "How is this supposed to help me!" "That's for you to figure out." Two shapes emerged from the mist that shrouded everything. She gasped and took a step back. "Keyrinos! Galrian! How can it be you!" She stopped there,

scared by how the two regarded her. They seemed hostile toward her. The smallest one stepped forward. "Yes, it's us. how could you not know us Tichanos? How could you forget us? How could you smother and choke every memory of us?" Calyna backed away. "I haven't forgotten you! You sounded different! I don't try to avoid thinking of you! Keyrinos, tell him!" She pleaded to the taller warrior, who regarded her with hard eyes. "I can not. He speaks the truth. You've despised our memory. Everything we fought for. You left us, and let us die." "NO! You can't be Keyrinos and Galrian! They weren't like this. They never acted or talked like this." Galrian spoke again. "Oh, it's us. But it's the part of us you never saw. The part where longing, bitterness and hatred occur. You took us for granted. You let us die." "I had to fight Ostico. I thought you were with the army! I didn't know!" "Still making excuses for yourself I see. You didn't save us. Now you're falling for someone else. Will you let him die too? Do you want to see what happened? Let us show you!" Calyna fell to her knees as images raced through her mind. She saw everything that had happened so long ago. She saw who they were treated, tortured then finally painfully and slowly killed. "Stop it!" Galrian gestured to the tree. "This is you Calyna." He took a leaf from the tree. he crumpled it in his hand and dropped it to the ground. "And this will die, eventually. It can bloom again. You have one more chance. Don't waste it." Everything disappeared and everything was black again. Calyna woke to the sound of her own scream.

Trunks and Bulma jolted awake and dashed to Calyna's room. They both got there just in time to see the curtains stop waving from the wind from when she apparently flew out the window. They searched for her till dawn, then they took a break at the table. "Mom, we've got to get some more sleep. We have an important meeting later." "I know Trunks! But we can't leave her out there. How knows what could happen." "Mom, she can take care of herself. I'll look for her after the meeting this morning." "Ok, fine Trunks. You promise?" "Promise."

After the successful meeting that morning, Trunks changed out of the business suit his mom made him wear then went to look for Calyna as he promised, taking a cell phone with him if he found her. He flew around for a while, trying to find her ki. He finally got frustrated and went to a place where he always went when he was frustrated. He landed in the clearing, which had a large pond in it, and immediately felt Calyna's ki. He looked around and spotted her not far from him, leaning against a rock, gazing numbly across the pond. He walked up behind her and put his hand on her shoulder. She jumped and looked at him then turned away, but not before he saw the tear streaks on her face and the dead look in her eyes. He quietly sat down next to her, saying nothing. After a moment, she leaned against him, sobbing quietly. He awkwardly wrapped his arms around her, thinking, "What dream could have done this to you? What scared you so much? What happened in your past?" He leaned back on the rock and looked at the pond. Her sobs slowly stopped and she fell asleep, her head resting on his chest. He called Bulma on the phone and quietly told her where they were. He then closed his eyes and fell asleep, his arm still around Calyna.

Bulma drove up to the clearing and got out, and smiled at the sight of her son and Calyna. "Finally, maybe they've realized that they do need each other, no matter how tough they think they are." She gently shook Trunks on the shoulder. he woke up and picked up Calyna carefully and set her in the car. When they reached home, Trunks put her in her bed then Bulma pushed him into his room, telling him to

sleep.

Calyna woke up that evening and stared out the window. "What were they trying to tell me? That I'll die soon? That Trunks might die, and that I can stop it? Tichanos. It's been so long since I was called that. I always wondered why they called me FireHeart. Some times I never understood them. ARGH. I don't understand it!" She lay back on the bed and drifted off to a much quieter sleep.

5. Chapter 5

Returned Warrior Chapter 4: Questions Answered

Trunks woke up earlier than usual the next morning. he lay in bed for a little while, thinking for the events of the day before. "That's the first time she's ever been like that. I wonder exactly what happened." He got up and leaned against the window pane, watching the brightening sky, heralding the coming sunrise. He changed and let a note for his mom, saying that he was going to the pond. He stopped at Calyna's room and looked through the open door for a moment. He didn't disturb the delicate silence, but simply watched for a moment then turned away. he grabbed a bite to eat then headed for the pond.

Calyna turned over in bed and opened her eyes. She had faintly felt Trunks in her doorway minutes ago. She hurried and got dressed, and quietly walked downstairs. She wrote on Trunks' note to Bulma that she was joining him.

Trunks heard soft footsteps behind him. "Mind if I join you?" Trunks nodded. Calyna sat down next to him and wrapped her arms around her legs, pulling them close. They didn't talk for a little while, just watching the sunrise. Finally Trunks broke the silence. "What happened that night? What was the dream about?" Calyna sighed. "Sometimes people from the past don't stay there." "What?" "If you really want to know, I'll tell you what I can." Calyna leaned back, her arms under her head. "Two friends from the past were in my dream. Their names were Galrian and Keyrinos. I didn't know who they were til they call me Tichanos. They died long ago, before first came here. They were different. IT almost seemed like they hated me. They said and showed me some.. disturbing things. I don't understand all of what they were trying to tell me." "Tichanos? What does that mean?" "It meant FireHeart. I have no idea why they called me that." Trunks wanted to know more, but he didn't push it. Calyna rolled over and looked at him. "What really happened to you and the others with the androids? Bulma kept some things from me, didn't she." Trunks nodded and told the story from his POV. At the end, he turned his face away from Calyna and wiped away the tears that threatened to spill over. He turned back. "It's strange. Three days ago we could hardly stand talking to each other, now we're friends." "I think Trunks, that it wasn't we couldn't stand each other, we were afraid TO stand each other. We've both had a lot of heart break, and we want to avoid it again." "What heartbreak did you have? You haven't told me anything really", said Trunks, not unkindly. "Well, there was Galrian and Keyrinos, and there was something before that that I'm not going to get into." Trunks shrugged. Calyna stood up. "Well, I'm heading back. you coming?" "No, I think I'll take a walk around." "ok, I'll tell Bulma."

Trunks walked in the calm darkness of the forest, questions running through his mind. "Why did they call her FireHeart? What heartbreak was she talking about? What was so special about Galrian and Keyrinos, and why did the dream scare her?" he sat against an old fir tree, pondering. After a bit, his thinking was interrupted. "So, you have questions you want answered about Calyna, ne?" Trunks jumped up, startled. Two men stood in front of him. One was tall and grim faced, and the other was shorter, and his eyes sparkled, matching the smile on his face. "Who are you? How did you know I had questions?" "Both easily answer. Galrian and Keyrinos at your service. And it wasn't hard for us to see what you were thinking." Trunks settled back down. "I thought you guys died long ago." Galrian and Keyrinos sat down across from him. This time Keyrinos answered him, his voice low and rough. "We did." "Then how did you get here." "We were granted some time to come here and answer your questions." "OK, Q #1. Why did you call her FireHeart?" Galrian laughed, something Trunks suspected he often did. "It started with people starting to say she was dangerous as an out-of-control fire. That became out nickname for her, FireHeart." "But WHY." "Because like a fire, she could unthinkingly destroy both good and evil alike for little reason. And in the same way, like a fire, the rare few who dare approach the fire when it's not raging, are often comforted by it's warmth and light." Trunks thought about this for a sec. "That makes sense. Goku thought she was like a storm." Galrian considered this. Yeah, StormEyes Could've been a nickname for her." "Ok, Q#2. What heartbreak was she talking about earlier?" Galrian and Keyrinos looked at each and nodded. Keyrinos looked at Trunks. "We can't tell you much, but what she was talking about was an other warrior, very powerful, named Rumlah. They were very close, but something happened, we don't know what. We found her in a field almost dead, and Rumlah no where to be found." "Why did the dream frighten her so much?" "She saw what she's been trying to hide for a long time. That's all we can say." "Why did YOU frighten her so much?" Galrian laughed again. "We were different then she wanted to see, and we made her realize of things she didn't want to admit." "Like what?" "Not saying." Galrian and Keyrinos stood up. "Time for us to go. Be careful with Calyna Trunks. Anything good that you two build can be destroyed by one word or action." Galrian and Keyrinos disappeared. Trunks sat for a moment thinking about what they had said. He stood up and headed for home. It was after noon and he hadn't had much of a breakfast, and he was starving.

Calyna looked up from her lunch when Trunks came in. "Lunchs on the counter. Bulma's at work." She regarded him closely. "You met them, didn't you." Trunks nodded and started wolfing down the food. "I thought so."

That night, Bulma was reading the newspaper while Trunks was trying to explain his job to Calyna, trying to tell her that fighting wasn't his job. Trunks finally threw up his hands in exasperation. "I give up!! Fighting isn't the way I make money!" Calyna looked genuinely puzzled. "Trunks, you don't need to get worked up about it." She tried to keep from smiling, but couldn't she started chuckling, which became an all-out laugh. Trunks stood there, scowling. "You understood the entire time! You. You- You'll pay!" Calyna sprang up and dashed around the house, with Trunks close behind, trying to catch her. Bulma shrieked, "KIDS!!" They sheepishly skid to a halt. "Sorry." Bulma pointed to an article in the paper. "Hey Trunks, look at this. They'll having a big formal Dance in a few weeks at the High-School. You and Calyna should go." Trunks nodded. "Maybe so." Calyna backed away. "No way. I don't know how to dance. I mean it."

Bulma shook her head. "There's a wonderful dance teacher in town. I'm sure you'll learn enough before the dance." Calyna looked from Bulma to Trunks, then back at Bulma. "Ok, fine. I'll do it."

6. Chapter 6

Returned Warrior Chapter 5:One Memory Rises

Calyna stopped at the door and looked up at the sign declaring that she was at the dance studio. She gave a sigh, wishing she hadn't agreed to do this. Why did she give into Bulma's idea for her to learn how to dance so she could go to that dance with Trunks? She wished she hadn't agreed. She ground her teeth together. Figures that neither Trunks nor Bulma were with her. They were busy at a meeting. She swung open the door and squinted a little, her eyes adjusting to the light change. A man came over. "Hello. I'm Adun Prolovich, The teacher here." Calyna nodded. "I'm Calyna." "Ah yes. Bulma called and told me you were coming. Why don't you sit down with the others. We're going to start as soon as this other class is finished." Calyna went and sat down a little apart from the rest of the people waiting, and watching the couples dancing. Mr. Prolovich bellowed at one couple, "NO! It's one-two-three, quick step, four. not one two three four!" He turned to another couple. "Very nice John and Maria." Calyna turned her eyes to the two he had complimented. The boy had dark, kinda unruly hair, the girl had medium blonde hair that was loose that swayed back and forth. Calyna's vision blurred and instead of John and Maria, in the dance studio, she was standing in a clearing, watching a man with a wild and unruly batch of black hair dancing with a lady with light blonde hair that shimmered and shined in the sun. The lady had brilliant blue eyes, and was smiling happily. The man didn't have the most happy expression on his face, more like he was just doing this to please the lady. His dark fathomless black eyes were locked on hers, both oblivious to the small blonde haired child who was watching them with eyes as blue as the lady's, and as large as the man's.

Calyna started at a clap. "Ok class, that's it for today. Next class, let's get going." Calyna stood up, her mind a jumble. "I knew those people. I'm sure of it. Was that little girl me? Was the couple my parents? I can't remember it anymore!" Calyna wanted to scream in frustration, but held it back and listened to Prolovich. Calyna, you pair with Scott over there." Calyna looked questionally in the direction Prolovich was pointing. She headed over to the boy, who had bright brown hair and smiling hazel eyes. He greeted her warmly, which she responded to with a nod. Prolovich put on a fairly slow song. "Calyna, you just follow what Scott does. he knows how to do this." Calyna sighed and did what he said, trying to keep in step with Scott while keeping the rhythm. Prolovich told her to relax, which didn't help at all. She hadn't trained yet that day, and she had a ton of pent up energy. Toward the end of the song, she started to relax. "I swear, I've done this before. Or something like it." The song finished and she stepped away from Scott. "Nice Calyna. You were trying too hard." Calyna just shrugged. "Let's try something faster class." Prolovich put on a song that was fast paced, with a constant drumming rhythm. She followed Scott's lead again, and this time fell immediately into the rhythm and steps. "One Two Three SPIN!" Calyna spun out and under Scott's arm, then back again. "WONDERFUL Scott and Calyna! Excellent spin." Calyna started to smile, enjoying herself. Instead of following Scott, they were moving together. "I know how to

do this! Atleast to an extent." "One two, spin out than back in close, spin back out!" Calyna sailed in to the step, her heart racing with exhilaration. "Now spin away, now back together, back in close!" As that movement ended, the song ended with a booming clash. Prolovich claped. "VERY nice all of you. especialy you, Scott and Calyna." He again put on a slower song, put this time stood back to watch. "Bulma told me Calyna didn't know how to dance. That's hard to believe. If that's true, she's got an amazing amount of innate ability. She appears to have that anyway, but I think she knows something of dancing. She'll be to good for this class very quickly. But she'll need someone that is a good as she can be. But who? I know. Darren. No one else is good enough to dance with him. They should do well together." After the class was done and they had left, Adun called Darren. "Darren, come next class. I've got a partner for you."

Calyna hummed to herself on her way home. She felt the happiest she had in a long time, but her usual coolness was still around. That memory that surfaced in the studio still bothered her. "That little girl looked alot like me. But that's the first time I've been able to remember anything like that. What's going on with me? Am I getting paranoid, so desperate to remember I imagine memories? I should stop thinking about it. It's driving me crazy."

When she reached home, Bulma and Trunks were back yet. She grabed herself something to eat then went to train. That night, when the three of them were eating together, Bulma asked Calyna how it had went that day. Calyna stoped belting down food long enough to answer her. "It went well. I had fun, I guess. I like fast paced songs better right now." "The next class is in 4 days right? On Saturday?" Calyna nodded then turned to grab her plate back from Trunks, who had stolen it. "Trunks! That's my food. Stop eating everything pig."

On Saturday, Calyna went early to the Studio, because Adun had called asking her too. She opened he door. "Hi Adun. What did you wan tme here early for?" "Ah Calyna. I moved you up to a different class. And I wan tyou to watch these dancers because we'll be doing the same thing." "What's it called? "Latin, or Salsa dancing." Calyna settles down and watchs. It looked fun. Her shoulder was tapped and she turned around to look straight into sparkling green eyes, which were almost hidden by black hair. "You're Calyna, correct?" The voice was warm and honey smooth. "I am. And you are?" "I'm Darren. You and I are going to be partners." Their class started at that moment. Prolovich watched the class and congratulated himself. Darren and Calyna were a perfect match.

After the class, Calyna got ready to go home. Darren stoped her. "May I walk you home?" Calyna paused. "All right. Thank you." On the way, they talked about alot of things. When they got there. Darren kissed her hand goodbye. "See you next class Calyna." Calyna watched him leave. "He's handsome, but one slight proplem. He knows it to well."

Trunks saw Darren kiss Calyna's hand then leave, and Trunks' face turned red in anger. He didn't like Darren doing that at all. He tells himself that she's a friend, he shouldn't be getting mad about it. She's grown up, there's nothing wrong. He resists the urge to smash his fist into the wall. "By Kami, why am I jealous of the guy?"

7. Chapter 7

Returned Warrior Chapter 6: Dance Night

note by author PLEASE REVIEW THIS. I'm begging you. I want to know if I did atleast an ok on this or if it sucked, or if I actually did a good job.

Trunks stood patiently listening to Bulma ranting at him. "Trunks, I told you that it's FORMAL dance. You have to dress nicely." Trunks tried to talk to her. They had talked about this already. "Mom, I'll just wear one of my business suits." "You most certainly WILL NOT! You are going to go and rent or buy a tuxedo to wear. "But mom, What about Calyna? She has nothing fancy like that to wear." "You leave Calyna to me. Now go do what I told you to. No ifs, or buts about it." "Ok, ok, fine." Trunks left, doing what Bulma wanted because he wanted Bulma to stop ranting. Bulma nodded in satisfaction and went to Calyna's room and opened the door. "Calyna, you and I are going shopping to get you something to wear to the dance." Calyna looked up, bewildered. "What? Now? But what about Trunks-?" Bulma glared at her. "None of that. I already got it from Trunks. I sent Trunks to get a tuxedo, so you and I are getting YOU something formal to wear." Calyna sighed in surrender and put down the book she was reading. "I'll be ready in a minute." Bulma went downstairs and waited impatiently. When Calyna came down, Bulma hauled her off to the mall.

Bulma held up a medium green dress. "This is cute." She held it up to Calyna. "Not your color though." Calyna sighed. They'd been shopping all day, and felt like she had tried on a million dresses, but none had satisfied Bulma. Bulma was now looking at a emerald green dress. "You should try this one. And this one," declared Bulma holding up a royal purple. Calyna sighed wearily and went to try them one, then Bulma decided that they wouldn't do. Finally, a few stores later, Bulma approved of a dress, and they bought it, much to Calyna's relief. Bulma unlocked the car and hopped in. "Well, we found your dress just in time. The dance is tonight." Calyna groaned. "Believe me, I know."

Trunks leaned against the stairs, fidgeting, waiting for Calyna. He turned and yelled up the stairs, "Come on Calyna! we've got to go!" He winced as Bulma, who was helping Calyna get ready, roughly yelled back, "Trunks, you don't have to leave for another 10 minutes! I still have to beautify Calyna. I just finished with her hair." Trunks glowered and muttered angerily, "That's because she wants to look fancy for a certain somebody that goes by the name of Darren." Trunks still didn't like Darren, especially since Darren and Calyna were becoming fast friends. This time it was Calyna's voice that reached his ears. "I heard that Trunks!! You'll regret that tomorrow when we spar!" Trunks winced again. He usually managed to avoided being beat up by Calyna, unless she was mad about something. He had forgotten she had really sharp hearing like Saiya-jins. He heard the door open, and looked up the stairs expectantly. When Calyna came down, he barely managed to keep his jaw from dropping to the floor. She was wearing a strapless sky blue floor length dress that perfectly matched the blue of her eyes. Her hair was loose for the first time he had ever seen, and it feel over her shoulders in thick, shining golden waves, which the light danced and played over. She was wearing some make-up, not to much, just enough to look really good, and she

was wearing small pearl earrings. She smiled at his expression. He cleared his throat. "um, huh, let's get going. We don't want to get going." Calyna laughed and they headed out the door.

Bulma leaned on the banister, a camera dangling from a strap she was holding. She had gotten some pictures, and one of Trunks' expression. She was KEEPING that one, no matter what he said.

Trunks and Calyna arrived at the dance just in time and they signed in(why they had too, they didn't know, but they had to anyway) Calyna was immediatly dragged away by some of the girls she knew from the dance studio, so Trunks went and joined his friends that were there. The D.J. who had been hired from the dance took up the microphone. "Are we ready to have fun tonight?" The entire group roared at the same time, "YES!" the D.J. grinned. "Then let's get this dance under way!" He pushed play on the CD player and this horrible rap blasted out of the speakers. Some swearing was heard from the D.J's booth then an assortment of thunds and crashes. the D.J. was heard muttering, "I'll get you for this you punk." The D.J. turned the microphone back on. "Sorry 'bout that folks. Some minor technical proplems." Snickers were heard from a corner of the room and the D.J. glared in that direction. "Let's try this again." This time, when he pushed the play button, a fast paced dance song blasted out from the speakers. The guys picked partners and the dance was under way.

Trunks danced with some girl who had been making eyes at him, because he couldn't find Calyna any where. during the Dance he spotted her dancing with some other guy. It wasn't Darren, so Trunks didn't mind that to much, but still. After the song, Trunks bowed to the girl and hurried off before she could reply. He sat down on a chair and Calyna came to join him. She took one look at his face, and laughed. "Cheer up Trunks. What's the matter this time?" Trunks didn't answer, but asked his own question. "How was that guy you were dancing with?" Calyna rolled her eyes and sat down. "You're as bad as a big brother, I'd imagine. That was Scott. He was my partner at my first lesson. He's ok I guess, but don't worry. He has a girlfriend." Trunks was about to answer, when another song started and a guy cam eover and asked Calyna to dance. She agreed and they headed off. trunks shrugge dand told himself to leave her alone. He decided to go and find out why they had to write their names on those sheets of paper. A few dances later, Trunks finally got the nerve to ask Calyna to dance with him. He inwardly berated himself. "Why are you so nervous to dance with her? There's nothing between you. No need to be nervous." Calyna agreed with a smile and they headed for the dance floor. The music started playing. Trunks thought, "ironic they play a slow dance NOW." It was pretty though, and very romantic. Trunks found himself enjoying it immensely. He pulled Calyna closer and she tilted her head up at him, smiling, her hand clasping his tighter. Her eyes were shining and crystal clear. Trunks could feel his heart skip. One single thought raced through his mind. "I love her." He tried to tell himself he didn't, but he couldn't, he just couldn't, tear his eyes away from hers. They swept around on the dance floor, both oblivious to anyone else. During the course of the song, the rest of the dancers slowly stoped dancing the ringed Calyna and Trunks and simply watched them, some of the girls softly oohing and aahing. But one man stood at the edge, face set. Darren swore to himself that NO ONE was going to have Calyna, except for himself. He quickly decided what to do. Make that other man jealous, then fight him. When the song ended, Trunks and Calyna broke apart, both blushing. The next song quickly

struck up, and much to Trunks dismay, it was a swing song. "Blast," he thought. "Swing is the one thing I don't know." Calyna saw the puzzlement on his face. "We don't have to dance Trunks. let's sit down." Trunks was about to agree, when someone asked him from behind, "May I cut in?" Trunks turned around and scowled when he saw it was Darren. He said roughly, "Yeah, go ahead." Trunks walked off the dance floor, leaving Darren to dance with Calyna, trying to keep his anger in check. He turned and watched the two dance. The worst was, Darren was really good at swing, and so was Calyna, and they were soon ringed once again by the other dancers, who were all clapping and cheering them on. Trunks clenched his fists and kept himself from blasting through the ring and decking Darren right then and there. After the song, Darren shot a smug smile at Trunks, making him angrier. The D.J. stopped the music and announced, "It's time for the surprise Kareoke!" He pulled a name from a hat and called it out, telling that person to come up and sing. Calyna came over next to Trunks as the dismayed person headed for the stage. "What is this all about?" This time Trunks looked smug. "Like the guy said. Surprise Kareoke." Calyna bapped him. "You knew about this! I hope your name gets called." "No chance of that. They removed my name from there, after a little urging." Calyna shot a mock glare at him. "And you weren't considerate enough to have them remove mine, were you." "Of course not. I'd love to see you embarrassed by you having to sing. There's also going to be a cutest-couple contest. That's why we had to sign in." Calyna humphed, crossing her arms. The D.J. interrupted the silence. "The next name is Calyna! Better get ready!" Trunks laughed at Calyna's shocked expression. "This will be great." Calyna swept away. "Don't be too sure of that. I came prepared."

Calyna grabbed a CD from her purse and headed for the booth. "I'll show Trunks." Trunks. She couldn't believe but it was true. She loved him. She had refused to believe it, but during that dance.. She knew it was true. She couldn't hide anymore. He had torn down the walls she had made so long ago, and she hated and loved him for it. As she approached the stage, and D.J spoke in the microphone. "She's a pretty one, isn't she guys? This will be good. What song will you sing lovely lady?" Calyna pointedly ignored most of that. She gave him the CD. "Play This." The D.J. shrugged. "Ok. What's the name of the song." Calyna thought for a moment. "The name's 'Breaking Free.'" "Ok, folks, Miss Calyna's gonna sing us a new song, 'Breaking Free'"

Trunks leaned back and closed his eyes. The song started with a low and slow drumming, growing in strength and speed. Soon other instruments joined the drumming, instruments he had never heard before, but they created a mood unlike another. It carried him to a place where there was always despair and darkness, and something made him feel like he was caged and he wanted to be free. Calyna started singing. She had a rich and beautiful alto which blended perfectly with the song. "In the Darkness, in the land of endless shadow/ A light streams through/throwing the shadows away/exposing the land and pain/ A lone creature, in it's chains/ trying to break free, wanting to fly high/ enclosed in walls, held by chains/ a heart longing to be free/" The coming chorus rang with suffering and despair. "No sun reached my heart/ No water to stop my thirst/No wind to fly on/ to air to breathe/ my heart was dying within my own walls/Chains of my own fear/but it seemed good to me/" "The Sun broke through/the walls crumbled and fell/ the chains weakening/Under the weight of light/One single heart, loving the same/penetrating my fears/brightening my heart, urging me to break free/" Here the song changed. Trunks felt his heart soar as the song became full of hope and joy. "Your sun

reached my heart/You gave me water to drink/ You became the wind to fly on/ the clean air to breathe/ You broke my walls/What have you done to me/ The chains break/ My wings are free/The eagle soars high/ able to stretch/it's wings and fly/I soar soar high, on your love/ But how can I love you/What if you betray too/ You are the sun that lights my way/The wind that carries me high/The air I breathe/The water I drink/You are my life/How can I let you go. You are my wind which I fly on/the wind on which I soar./ But when these wings/falter and fall/ hold me,keep me/please don't forget me/ The darkness had a price/a price I must pay/ Please don't forget me/ Please lock me in your heart./ The song ended, and the hall erupted in applause. The D.J. yelled excitedly,"That's gonna be a hit song, I guarantee! I think we should have her sing one more, don't you guys?" The crowd loudly agreed. Calyna shook her head. "Sorry, can't sing anymore. But play the next song on that CD. I did that one, but I recorded it on that CD. It's called 'One Special moment.'" the D.J popped the CD back in, as Calyna went back to Trunks. Trunks opened his eyes. "That was beautiful." "I'm glad you liked it. Shall we dance?" Trunks nodded. "I'd love too." Trunks hardly listened to the song as he was dancing, but it had a dream-like feeling to it. He only caught part of it. "The moment that my soul soared high/The moment you were here with me/The moment when you set me free/That moment I keep with me/That moment when your hand clasped mine/The moment when my walls fell/The moment my guard went down/That moment I keep with me./ He danced with Calyna blissfully. "One special moment,that's all it was/One special moment, what a joy it was/one special moment when the clock stopped/one special moment when time stood still/One Special Moment in time./ Trunks realized that he did wish that time would stop, right then and there. The D.J broke the mood. "We have the results for the cutest couple. And guess who they are! You guessed it, the lovely songbird and her guy. Calyna and Trunks, congratulations!" Trunks and Calyna were given crowns and prizes for the honor. Trunks decided he'd go put them in the car. "Be right back." Calyna nodded and sat down to wait.

Trunks gathered the stuff up and went outside. As he walked out, he was roughly open around. Darren again. "Hey kid, stay away from Calyna. She's mine." Trunks put the stuff down with a sigh. "I don't think so Darren." Darren swung a fist at Trunks which he easily blocked. Trunks toyed with him for a minute then knocked him out with one punch. He gathered the things he walked to the car and put them in. He shut the door and headed back, waving to Calyna, who had come outside. he checked to see if anyone was coming, then went to walk across the road. He had his head down in thought, when he heard a screech of tires and Calyna shout,"TRUNKS! LOOK OUT!" He snapped his head up and saw a car barreling at him, swerving wildly. He didn't have time to get out of the way. Just before the car reached him, he was slammed hard in the side and he went flying. he screamed in pain when he landed on his arm. His head struck the pavement and he blacked out, his scream cut short.

8. Chapter 8

Returned Warrior Chapter 7: Grief Uncompared

Voices penetrated through the darkness and fog that enveloped Trunks' mind as he slowly started to wake. To him, it sounded like they were far away, and he caught only bits and pieces. "How did she do that?..." "I've never seen anyone move that fast..." It's impossible

to do that!..." "But she did, and saved him..." "Incredible. She was willing to sacrifice herself for him.." "He'll make it, but wish I could say the same for her..." "There's no way she can live, not after that.." The fog receded in a rush, and Trunks forced his eyes open, and the first thing he saw was stars in the sky, showing between the heads of the people gathered around him. He pushed himself up groggily on his elbows, and winced as his arm hurt as he put weight on it. A guy moved forward and pushed him down. "Take it easy kid. You've got a nasty bump on your head." Trunks looked at him, trying to figure everything out. "What happened?" Before the man could answer, images flashed in Trunks' mind. He remembered the car coming at him, and being hit in the side, and briefly hearing a scream and a screech of tires. The words he heard came back to him. His eyes widened in horror as he realized what happened. He pushed up onto his feet, pushing the man aside. "CALYNA!" He moved as best he could, roughly barreling through the crowd. As he broke free, the sight he was most dreading was in front of him. "Oh Kami, please no." Another small group of people were encircling someone who was lying motionless on the ground. He rushed forward, and caught the sight of sky blue fabric and blonde hair, both marred by red blood stains. A car was lying haphazardly on its side a short distance away. Trunks shoved through the circle, yelling "GET OUT OF MY WAY!" He collapsed to his knees next to Calyna's still form. Her eyes flickered open and she whispered something, but Trunks couldn't make it out, because of the noise the people were making as they pressed closer. Trunks turned to them. "Go away." The group backed off one step, but no one really wanted to leave. "Go Away!" When nothing happened, Trunks lost patience. "GO AWAY!!!" The group left them, and went to inspect the car.

Trunks gathered Calyna in his arms, supporting her head as best he could. "Calyna, why? Why did you save me?" Calyna's eyes locked on his. Blood flowed freely from many wounds, and her breath rattled in her throat. She whispered hoarsely. "I couldn't let you die Trunks. I love you. I refused to know that before tonight. I've lost so many. I couldn't bear to lose you." Tension was making Trunks' muscles quiver, and his arm was throbbing mightily, but that didn't matter to him. "But you sacrificed your own life. You can't die. I won't let that happen. You can't die on me now. I love you too much for that. The ambulance will be here soon. You'll be ok." Calyna shook her head slightly, her voice growing weaker. "No Trunks. I can't live. I'm too badly hurt for that. I've lived a life of misery. Soon it won't matter what my life has been like. Don't leave me Trunks. Don't let me die alone." Tears welled up in Trunks' eyes, threatening to spill over. "I'll never leave you. I'll wish you back. I'll find some way. I can't be alone again. I'd be lost without you." Calyna's eyes started to glaze over, but she held on. "It won't do any good. A Warrior's soul only lives once. My soul died long time ago, and nothing could bring me back. People gave up on me. But you rescued me Trunks. You made my soul want to fly, to live again. You were my life." "Don't talk like that Calyna. Please. What will I do if you go." Calyna lifted a quivering hand up and wiped a tear that was running down his cheek. "You'll find something. I promise." Her hand slid down, and rested over his heart. "I give you what I can. Go to our special place, where we first became friends. I won't leave you alone. Just go there. You'll find out what I mean." Trunks felt a jolt run through his body, a warmth reaching his heart. He pulled Calyna closer. Her hand fell away, and she coughed painfully, blood running from her mouth. Trunks desperately wiped it away. "No Calyna. This can't happen. Kami please, don't take her away from me." Calyna

fought to take one more breath, and whispered with all she had left. "Good-bye Trunks. I love you. Don't keep tears in. It will only make it worse. Now my miserable life will end. I'll finally be free." Calyna's eyes closed and her breathing stopped. Trunks bent his head, burying his face in her hair. His tears spilled over, and his entire body shook from his sobbing. He rocked back and forth, screaming to the sky. "NO!!! Kami NO!" Once more he buried his face in her hair. "No." He cradled her close in his arms, rocking back and forth. When the ambulance arrived, he had not moved at all.

Trunks felt a hand placed softly on his shoulder, and a voice from behind him. "Come on kid. Let her go. We've gotta take care of that arm and head of yours." Those words took a minute to penetrate Trunks mind, to break through his misery. His arm? Oh yes. It hurt, but nothing compared to his heart. Nothing would ever hurt that much. Even when Gohan died, it didn't hurt this much. It felt like his heart had been torn in two, and half of it taken away. Calyna took it with her. She was gone. He didn't want to believe it. A warrior, so much like him. Why had they ever hated each other? So much time lost. He could never get it back. The hand shook him. "Come on kid. Let's go." Someone was trying to take Calyna's body away from him. He clutched it closer. "No! I promised I'd never leave her. You can't take her away from me. I promised." Trunks felt a prick on his arm, and after a moment he felt drowsy. He was picked up and carried away, while someone else took Calyna's body and headed in the opposite direction.

Bulma screeched to a stop at the hospital, jumped out of the car, slammed the door and sprinted through the doors and up to the desk. "WHERE'S MY SON! WHERE'S TRUNKS?!" The secretary got up from the desk and took hold of Bulma's arm. "Please calm down ma'am. I'll show you where he is." Bulma pulled away from the lady. "Don't ma'am me. Just tell me what room he's in." The secretary sighed wearily. "Room 126" Bulma dashed down the hall until she reached his room. She flung open the door. "Trunks! Are you all right?" She stopped short when she saw Trunks. His arm was bound in a cast, and he was sitting on the bed, head down. His face was tossed and one look at his face made Bulma want to cry. She walked over and sat next to him, and wrapped her arm around him. "I'm so sorry Trunks. There was nothing they could've done." Trunks turned his face to her, and the misery and pain that filled his eyes made her gasp. "She's gone mom. She saved me from being hit. But that doesn't matter. She died." "I know. The driver was drunk. He was killed in the wreck." Trunks turned away. "Just leave me alone mom." Bulma got off the bed, hurt by his words, but she understood. She quietly stepped out of the room and shut the door.

Trunks sat alone in his room, jumbled thoughts running through his mind. "What did she mean a warrior's soul only lives once. What did she mean when she said her soul died and people gave up on her. How did I make her want to live. What did I do? What did she do to me? No one made me feel like that." Trunks realized with a start that Calyna's song, Breaking Free, was about her. "Did she know she would die soon? Or did she just sing it?" He also realized that the song, One Special Moment, was about them. He understood the song. He wished that the time they danced, when he knew he loved her, he had wished that time would stand still. He never wanted to forget that. Trunks flopped down on the bed and laid on his side, tears running down his face and staining the pillow. He vowed to himself he would never love a girl again. He loved Calyna too much. No one could replace her.

Several days later, Bulma was in the kitchen making dinner. She made very little, enough for herself and a little more. She was worried about Trunks. Calyna's funeral was gone and past, two days before that. Many people had come. Bulma had been surprised at how many Calyna knew and had had an impact on. But Trunks had sat there in silence, not shedding a tear, not saying a word. He hadn't trained since the day he came home from the hospital, which was the next morning after the dance, and it wasn't because of the arm. It had healed quickly. Bulma sighed. He also hardly ate anything. He was starting to look like a ghost. He usually stayed in his room, and the occasional times she saw him, his face looked haunted.

Trunks paced in his room. His arm may have healed, but his heart hadn't. He felt different ever since he had felt that jolt. What was different, he couldn't tell, but he knew Calyna had done something. In the week since Calyna had died, he hadn't gone back to the pond, even though she had told him to. He just couldn't do it. He stopped pacing. "I've got to get myself together. I'll do what she wanted. I'll go to the pond." Trunks went downstairs, said a quick hello to Bulma then flew to the pond. Trunks sat down at the edge of the pond. "Why did she want me to come here? What's so important." After a moment, he felt a tinge of a ki, followed by several more. One was familiar, but he couldn't place it. They were high kais, but they didn't feel evil in anyway, so he ignored them, even though they were near by. A minute later, he jumped as a mocking voice sounded behind him. "Huh, no true Saiyan would be so sentimental about someone dying. Even someone they knew. And he would inspect any unknown Ki." Another voice immediately followed the first, and cheerful and naive voice. "Come on, give him a break. Someone he loved just died, to save him." a third voice followed, sarcastic and fairly deep. "And what would you know about love Vegeta's head? at least he's better than you. He has other emotions besides anger and contempt, unlike you. Must've gotten it from his mother." A cheery laugh followed this announcement and Trunks spun around. He knew that laugh! He was immediately smothered in a hug. "Trunks! Great to see you again! I saw you got rid of those androids even without me! A little late, but better late than never." Trunks was set down and he stared in disbelief at the man in front of him. Dark thoughtful eyes met his, almost hidden by a bunch of dark hair. "G-G-Gohan?" Gohan laughed. "Who else would it be?" Trunks stammered and looked behind Gohan. His eyes widened further, if that was possible. Krillin, Choutzu, Tien, and Yamcha were all standing in a line together, laughing. Piccolo was standing in front of them, arms crossed, without a smile on his face. Trunks jaw dropped as he saw the last two. Vegeta and Goku were standing side by side, with Vegeta's arms crossed and his usual scowl on his face, while Goku was grinning sheepishly. Trunks looked at Gohan and all the rest. "What? How---how did you get back?" Goku laughed, as happy-go-lucky as before. "I don't know how she pulled it off, but somehow Calyna arranged for us to be brought back to life. Very nice of her, don't you think?" Trunks just stood there, dumbfounded. A chuckle rang through the air, and a faint voice echoed through the glade. "I told you I wouldn't leave you alone Trunks, and that you'd have something to do when I was gone." The voice disappeared. Goku tapped Trunks on the shoulder. "Let's go home. I'm starving." Everyone laughed and Yamcha called out, "See Trunks? He hasn't changed at all. Still as hungry as ever!"

At Capsule Corp, after they had dumped cold water on Bulma's face to

wake her up after she fainted at the sight of the warriors returned to live, and after they had called ChiChi, who, when she arrived, blubbered all over Gohan and Goku, they all sat down to eat. Trunks ate heartily, which Bulma was glad at, and soon the room was filled with the sound of conversation and happy laughter.

Calyna stood in front of a mirror, looking through it to watch what was happening at Capsule Corp. She smiled, a touch of sadness in her words. "I promised, didn't I Trunks." Calyna turned away and faced the two men behind her. "Let's go spar guys. Unless you two have trained non-stop and improved drastically, I can still whoop you." Galrian groaned and turned to the tall man beside him. "She never stops, does she Keyrinos? You'd think after all those years she would've grown up." Calyna laughed and thumped Galrian in the shoulder. "Look who's talking. Wasn't it you who planted the Snakes and Pruchs in Gorachan's blankets?" Galrian slumped his shoulders in defeat. "Ok, you got me there. But I'll win next time." They headed off, still joking with each other. Calyna looked back at the mirror. "Good Luck Trunks. Don't get too comfortable. Somethings brewing, and you have to be ready."

***please review this. First attempt at romance or anything of the sort. hope I did it right. I'm trying to decide whether or not to continue this fic or start a new one, either on the events after Returned warrior, before Forgotten Warrior, or what happened between the two. what do you think?

9. Chapter 9

Returned Warrior Chapter 8: Light and Shadow

"Strange, is it not, that now that I can finally figure out my past, meet my parents, and know what happened before, I don't care. The afterlife isn't so bad, I suppose. A tad boring however. True, I have Galrian and Keyrinos around to spar with and joke around with, but something's missing. I miss you Trunks, strange as it is to me. I've never really missed anyone like this before, missing someone so much you can't shake it off and it drags you down all the time. How did you manage it Trunks? No one had ever touched the deepest part of my heart I had hidden away. Somehow you managed to break through all the walls I made. Ironic. I died saving you, because I didn't want you to die, because then I'd be alone, so instead of being without you and alive, I'm without you and dead. I'll have to see if I can't pull some strings and get back, should an emergency come up. But please don't TRY to create an emergency, because it seems like you're on that path already. I thought it would help when I managed to get everyone back from the dead, and granted, it helped some, but everyday, you go off and get depressed again. What kind of gratitude is that? Don't get me wrong, I'm flattered you love me that much, but still.. Just look at you! You're thinner than ever before, and your hair is a mess. Argh. I must be losing my mind. I never cared about that kind of thing before. I watch you every day. Not even death can keep me from you. I watch you almost constantly, not non-stop, that would be embarrassing. And I do still train even in the afterlife. Sometimes, without realizing it, I try to talk to you. I notice when I do, because sometimes, you hear just an echo of my words. If you'd relax and not be stressed all the time you'd hear better. Didn't I tell you to not try and keep the tears in, because it would just make it worse. But NO.. You must've forgotten about that part, because you

sure aren't doing it. Every night, I try to slip into your dreams, to comfort, just to see you again, were we can see each other, but you don't let me. Your mind is too heavy and full with grief and weariness. Please Trunks, realize that I did what I did because I loved you and wanted you to live a good and happy life, not to live a living hell. I've been through that. Believe me, you don't want to keep this up. To almost everyone, the love between us seemed impossible. True, we were both warriors, with a similar past, but we were so different. Even with your past heartbreak, you continued to live, to love, to care about those around you and your world. Not so with me. I covered myself in darkness and shadow, driving off anyone who tried to come close. Only two did I keep a friendship with, and even then I wasn't the best friend, at anytime. I wasn't even there for them when they were killed. Some friend I was. I hated just about everyone and everything, taking out my pain and anger at my past and heartbreak on everyone else. Then came you. You banished the darkness and shadows, and let me LIVE once more, while I still could. You are the light, and I was the shadow, both constantly rising and falling in sync. How did you do this to me?"

note Now this is from Trunks' point of view

"Life is full of so many twists and turns. Just when you think your life is back on track, life gives you another crusher. Then it gives you something you've always dreamed of, but when it happens, you'd give it back to get just one thing you hadn't realized you'd wanted, until you lost it. Why did this have to happen. I loved Calyna, more than I knew, until it was too late. Kami, I wish I had died with her. Now my life is full of trying to avoid getting my father mad, and sparring with him, Goku, Gohan, and occasionally the others. Sometimes even Piccolo. It's strange having them all back. I'd gotten so used to living without another warrior, then I got used to Calyna being around. Then she died, and everyone else is back. Which do I want more? I enjoy having everyone around, but I LOVED her. Everyday I grieve for her. I just can't seem to let it go. She told me to not hold it in, but I can't let it out it seems. This must be making me go crazy. Sometimes I hear her, even when I'm just walking down the street, I'll hear her voice behind, but she's never there, no matter how fast I turn around. I feel her with me often, but it can't be true. She can't be there. So many times I catch myself wishing I were dead, because then we could be together again. I know mom is worried about me, as well as everyone else. Well, maybe not dad. I can't tell. Mom bugs me about how I am now. She chides me about being dark and depressing. What she doesn't realize is how often I kept those feelings from her, and instead remained her good little boy, managing to laugh and be cheerful, even after everything. I felt smothered by the responsibility of trying to stay that way. Rarely did I succumb to the darkness that pushed me. With Calyna though, I never had to try and stay happy. I could give it to the darkness, because she herself WAS darkness. She was the opposite of me. I had to make pretend to be happy. She hid her feelings when she was happy, for a while. We both started to become like each other. She started to actually be happy, and I found that I didn't have to pretend to be happy or cheerful, because I was most of the time. I was still serious, but not depressed. Light and Shadow. So different, but both requires the other."

Calyna stood quietly just inside Trunks' bedroom door, watching him toss and turn. She was still trying to get into his dreams, but still she could not. But tonight, she told herself, she would. Trunks had

slowly, but surely started to calm down and be at peace, at least at night. Daytime was a different matter altogether. Trunks fell into a deep and quiet sleep, finally staying still. Calyna stanced the open window and slipped into his mind. That was one good thing about being dead. She could manipulate some people's minds, not like she would, but she could. This was different though. She settled down to wait for Trunks' subconsciousness to get there.

Trunks knew he was dreaming. He had opened his eyes, and found he was standing in front of a magnificent tree, in full bloom. Its trunk showed scars of poison and sickness from the past. A voice he knew well, floated down to him. "It's about time you got here. I've been waiting for it seems like a long time. Come on up." Trunks grabbed a branch and climbed up till he was level with the speaker. He stammered and sputtered. "Calyna! What? How? Why?" Calyna laughed merrily. "You forgot Where and Who. one question at a time. What? Well, can't really answer that one. How? That one I can. Being dead has its benefits, one of them being that fact you can go into certain people's dreams. Why? That's going to take sometime. But basically, I came because I wanted to. Got a problem with that?" Trunks got comfortable leaning against the trunk. "Of course not, but it's a bit of a surprise. It feels like I know this place." Calyna lifted an eyebrow. "That's understandable, but let's not get into that. Trunks, listen to me. Why are you torturing yourself about me. I didn't save you so you could punish yourself and make your life living hell." Trunks immediately went on the defensive. "I'm not punishing myself, and my life isn't living hell!" Calyna crossed her arms. "Yeah right. Then why don't you hardly eat? You do nothing but spar occasionally, eat very little, and have no fun anymore. All by your own choice. I call that punishing yourself, and your life IS living hell." Trunks started to protest but stopped before he got anywhere. "You're right. How do you know all this?" "Of course I'm right. I watch what's going on with you and the rest of earth. I also know you and Vegeta get along that well. Not like I expected you would." Trunks nodded agreement at that statement. "Is that why you came?" "Not entirely. Trunks, I came to warn you. An old adversary and enemy of mine is coming. Not him directly, but he's behind it. He can't get me, but he knows how much we mean to each other, so he's going after you and earth. If what I suspect is right, you're going to be the only one who will be able to hurt what he sends, no matter how strong Goku, Vegeta and Gohan are, but I'm not sure of it. Be ready. It's going to happen soon." Trunks was completely confused. "Why would I be the only one that can hurt whatever it is?" "Because most living things can't hurt a demon from the spirit world, but the demons that come can hurt the living." "So why would I be able to hurt it?" "Because you have an ace up your sleeve" "WHAT?" Calyna sighed. "I can't tell you. You have to find out for yourself. I have to go Trunks. Remember what I said." "No, wait!" Trunks watched Calyna disappear. He slammed his fist into the tree with frustration.

Trunks woke up in his bed, his hands clutching the sheets. He tossed off the blankets and walked to the window. He looked up at the sky, wonder what Calyna had been talking about. She had said to be ready. And so he would. When the time came, he and everyone else would be waiting.

10. Chapter 10

Returned Warrior Chapter 9: The living can't always hurt Demons

A hunched figure approached a dark shrouded man, who was standing with arms crossed, staring down at the hideous figure. It was dark, with twisted and gnarled hands. Other than that, it looked normal. The demon spoke in a gravelly voice. "You summoned me oh great one. What do you wish of your servent?" The tall man nodded. "Guishma, I want you to go to earth. I want some people specifically killed. Goku, Vegeta, Krillan, Gohan, Tien, Chouzu, Yamcha, Piccolo, and Trunks. They are powerful, but they will not be able to hurt you. Calyna is dead. You have nothing to fear from any of them." The demon Guishma chuckled evilly. "No Calyna. No one can hurt me. They don't have her abilities or aspects." "Correct. Now go." Guishma bowed low and scuttled out. Guishma arrived at earth two days later.

"News has reached us that The town Yushima was attacked today. The source of this destruction is unknown." Trunks reached over and turned off the news cast. He turned to everyone else. Everyone had gathered in Bulma's living room. "Now you know what's going on. I think this is what Calyna warned me about. So let's figure out a plan." Gohan leaned forward. "Well, you said that Calyna said you were the only one that could hurt what ever this is." "No, she said I MIGHT be the only one. She wasn't sure what it was going to be." Goku thought for a moment, his mind working quite well once he was thinking of battle tactics. "I think what we should do is first, of course, find what ever this is. Just in case Trunks is the only one who can hurt it, I think the rest of us should distract it while Trunks powers up enough to hit the thing hard to try and kill it quick." Yamcha protested. "Why should he be the only one to get a good hit at the thing? Distracting something is really boring." Vegeta glared at Yamcha. "Shut up Baka. If we knew WHY Trunks would be the only one who could hit it, we would've told you before this. I don't like it, but let's just destroy this thing."

Guishma waited in a desert. The people on this planet were nice and easy to kill. He could feel powers coming toward him, some of them enormous. Ah yes. It was those he had to kill. He would enjoy this. He watched calmly as the warriors landed in front of him. He was out-numbered, but he didn't care. He was confident that they could hurt him. He noted with curiosity that one stayed back behind the others. The one with purple hair. That one Lord Rumla especially wanted killed. He brought his thoughts away from it as the other warriors leapt at him at the same time. They were fast, very fast. Guishma simply stood there and let them come at him. They all threw punches at him, but they passed through him, and he felt none of it.

The Z warriors backed off from the strange demon and Vegeta swore angrily. "We can't hit or distract him! He just stands there and our attacks just pass right through him. What kind of enemy is this?!" Vegeta glared at the Demon as it laughed. "Poor saiyans! You think you can destroy anything you wish. But you can't hit Guishma." Vegeta let out a bellow of rage at the insolent remark and sped to Guishma, the others following. They all powered up their most powerful ki blasts and fired, to no effect. Goku yelled at the other saiya-jins. "We've got to go SSJ!" Gohan, Goku and Vegeta blasted to SSJ, Trunks already there, still waiting for an opportunity to hit Guishma. Once again, they all powered up and fired ki at Guishma. Guishma smirked at the power. Pity. It was all wasted on him. He moved for the first time, shooting his hands forward, and black, sickly mist emerging from them that surrounded the ki attacks and swarmed up them and

reached the Z warriors. They all thrashed around then dropped to the ground, unable to move. Guishma smiled coldly at them. "Don't worry that poison won't kill you directly. No one can remove it from you, because it's on of my lords attacks. Only he can remove it, and I don't think he will." He turned to Trunks. "Your turn. My lord wanted me to kill you slowly." Guishma fired a blast that speed to Trunks, who was frozen in shock at what had happened to everyone else. It hit him head on, and he flew several feet before he plowed into the ground. he pushed himself up and snarled, his anger roused. Guishma strode slowly to him, still smiling. "You can't hurt me. Only Calyna could ever hurt me. I'm un-stoppable." In a flash, Trunks remembered that brief moment that night of the dance, the jolt, the warmth. He hissed, realizing what Calyna had did. She had given him some of her power. He charged up a blast, and his fist crackled with energy that was not his own. That was why he had felt different. He had Calyna's power in him. He fired the shot at Guishma. "Wrong." Guishma's eyes widened as the blast hit him and drove him into a hill. Guishma leaped up high after recovering, shrieking. "You were touched by the girl! How did this happen. I was unstoppable! Only she can hurt me! HOW?!" Guishma disappeared in the sky. Trunks sank to the ground, chest heaving. He soon got up and walked to his father and the rest of the warriors lying on the ground. Goku turned his head and smiled. "Good shot Trunks." Trunks kneeled next to them. "Are you ok?" Vegeta snorted. "We're lying just about immobile, and you ask if we're feeling ok? Baka!" Gohan rolled his eyes at Vegeta's outburst. "There's no pain, but as Vegeta said, we can't really move Trunks." Piccolo gazed over Trunks shoulder. "Trunks! Behind you!" Trunks whirled around just as he was hit.

A news crew set up their cameras on a hill overlooking the battle. "Hurry up there John. Let's broadcast this fight to the world."

Trunks got up and looked at the man who had hit him. He gasped in shock. The man looked very similar to Calyna. He had the same hair, same shape of eyes. He was quite handsome also. Any woman would have fallen for him, except for his eyes. His eyes were black mixed with the light blue, but filled with hate and completly evil. "Who are you?" The man just glared at Trunks. "I'm called Rumlah." Trunks leaped at Rumlah, firing a small ki blast, which Rumlah swated away. "Come now, you can do better then that." Trunks flew high in the air and fired his most powerful blast at Rumlah. Trunks slowly floated down, felling drained, although he couldn't understand way. He'd never tired that easily. He took a step back when Rumlah emerged from the dust and headed for him. Rumlah punched him in the stomach then pushed him over on his knee. Trunks coughed up some blood before Rumlah was at him again. Trunks was able to manage to block some, but many found their target. After one particularly hard punch, Trunks ground face first in the ground and was unable to get up. He was hauled roughly up until he was hanging in the air. Trunks screamed in pain as Rumlah bashed his fist into Trunks back time after time.

Vegeta, Goku and Gohan, during this time, had fought off the poison enough that they could move, although it was slow and sluggish motion. They all got enough energy to help Trunks. Gohan run into Rumlah, knocking him to ground, Goku fired a ki blast at him, a small one, becuase they hadn't been able to completly shake of the poison. Vegeta swooped down and caught Trunks, then flew a short distance away and set him on the ground before joining Gohan and Goku. Rumlah

got up in a rage and fired a blast that split into three and hit them all, sending to the ground where they had been.

Rumlah advanced to Trunks and snarled angrily, raising his hand, powering it up for the final blow. "You and your friends are bothersome. I'll finish them off once I kill you. You were close to Calyna. I can't kill her, but I can get you. You can join her in the next dimension!" Rumlah swung his hand down, and went to fire the blast that would kill Trunks, when a bright flash accured and his hand was jerked back and he was flipped to the ground. "I don't think so Rumlah. You killed enough of our comrades before, I'm not going to let you kill another." Calyna picked up Trunks and set his with the others, who were watching her interest. "Just wait guys. I'll have you free of that soon." She turned back to Rumlah. who had gotten his breath back. "Calyna! I've wanted to kill you for a long time. Now I'll have my revenge. I'm stronger then you now." Calyna raised an eyebrow. "Are you now? We'll have to see about that." At these words, Calyna and Rumlah clashed in a huge explosion, a distance from the others, who were watching the exchange with curiosity.

11. Chapter 11

Returned Warrior Chapter 10:Clash of the Past

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 Sparks, bright flashes of light and explosions filled the once peaceful and tranquil plain. Calyna and Rumlah were closely matched, neither having an advantage over the other. The poisoned and immobile earth special forces watched, helpless to join in, mesmerized by the fight. Calyna's and Rumlah's techniques and styles were similar, both knew most of each other's moves. Rumlah finally made it through her defences nad nailed her in the jaw. Calyna flew back, flipped, and landed on her feet, snarling angrily. She bounded straight at him, then disappeared then re-appeared right in front of Rumlah, catching him unawares. She nailed him with a combo of a left-right punch, then a knee to the stomach, sending him crashing to the ground, fighting for breathe. Goku and the others felt the poison leave them and they sprang up, ready to join the fight. Rumlah gained his breath back and fired a large ki blast straight at Calyna, who responded with a scream of rage and stretched her arms in front of her and keeping it from hitting her, and shoved it up into the sky. There was a slight lull in the fighting as Rumlah and Calyna regarded each other, both glaring at each other. Their ki started to rise simultaneously, swirling and crackling with energy. Calyna changed first, her hair and eyes becoming ink black, looking much like a saian. Rumlah soon followed suit, but his hair became a dark brown, his eyes green. They both changed once more, Calyna with black hair streaked with red, and grey eyes. Goku and Vegeta looked at each other and nodded. The words that Goku had said so many years ago when Calyna first arrived came back to them all. "She's a storm. Always threatening on the horizon, that can come in quickly, causing devastation quickly, easily, and without warning." They all knew that Calyna was no longer a storm. She was quickly becoming a hurricane, her power rising far higher then ever before, and they had better get out of the hurricanes path before they get hurt. Goku grabbed Yamcha, Tien, who was holding Choutzu, and teleported back to Capsule Corp, then teleported back. Vegeta grabbed Trunks from where he was lying unconcious on the ground and was standing ready when Goku came back. Goku grabbed Gohan, Piccolo and Vegeta, carrying Trunks, and teleported back to Capsule Corp. once more. Bulma and Chichi ran out, both frantic with

worry. Bulma hugged Vegeta, despite his protests, and then yelled at him to put Trunks on the couch in the living room. ChiChi cried and fainted in Goku's arms, so he carried her to the living room also. The TV was turned to a news channel, and after ChiChi had woken up, and Trunks was lying on the couch, still unconscious, Bulma turned up the sound and they all gathered around it, watching. "Behind me is probably the greatest fight ever to be witnessed. Consisting of only two people, the power involved in this fight is amazing, truly amazing." The reporter ducked as a large rock flew low over him. The camera zoomed in, showing the fight.

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> Calyna ducked under a blast from Rumlah, feeling it's heat as it narrowly missed her. She retaliated with a large red Ki blast, which she could direct. Rumlah dodged to the side, and she guided it in the same direction, hitting him in the side. Rumah swore and glared at her. "Rumlah, please stop this. Was it my fault I had so much power? I hated it! I would've willingly given it all to you, if I could've. What happened to you? Why did you start hating me, and what made you destroy almost all of those who were close to us? Rumlah growled and dived at her. "I was perfectly happy before you came along, with your power! Everyone one thought you were wonderful, they called you their deliverer. That should've, would've been me!" Calyna blocked his punches and they started blocking each others punches, but continued arguing, as if they were just play-sparring. "You never were like this. I couldn't tell you hated me! And that doesn't answer the question, Why did you destroy just about everyone else?" "They were in my way, they tried to stop me, the fools. I was almost as powerful as you, but they ignored me! They payed for it. I started hating you when I believed I could never stand up against you and win!" Calyna looked at him strangely. She didn't know him anymore. In her momentary lapse of concentration, Rumlah punched her hard in the gut, then did a left hook to her cheek. She collapsed on the ground, spitting up blood from a cut in her mouth. Rumlah stared at her, and she knew she had made a mistake. He was angrier then ever, and his ki rose higher, past hers. and he hit his last change, that she knew would happen when either of them came close to using the full extent of their power. That's way Rumlah was so dangerous. He was Teryian, same as her, the same un-known power, the same rage. His hair was a ink black, his eyes so light they looked like his eyes were completely white. He dived at her again, but try as she might, she could not block any of his attacks. He flew high and dived straight down at her, hitting her with all his force. She screamed in pain as her ribs broke under the pressure. He landed and smirked He stepped hard on one of her legs, causing her to scream again. He back off once more and pulled a hand to his side. A dark and deadly black ki started gathering in his clenched fist. "See? I told you Calyna, I was stronger now, I've reached our ultimate change, and you have not. I will kill you slowly and painfully, then get those pests from earlier, and pay special attention to your pet, Trunks." Rumlah's ki finished gathering and he smiled malevolently at her, lowering his hand and shooting it toward Calyna. Calyna painfully opened her eyes and glared balefully at Rumlah. She felt rage building, a rage that she had never felt before, so full and large she was afraid of it. She had gotten mad several times before, and usually regreted it, like the time she almost killed Vegeta. But this was different. Rumlah backed off, eyes wide as ki rose from the crater Calyna was lying in.

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 ChiChi was clinging to Goku as the entire group watched in horror as the fight seemed over. Bulma had been sitting on the couch, watching fretfully over Trunks, but was now sitting in front of the

TV, eyes wide with horror, her hands over her mouth. Yamcha, Tien, Choutzy and Krillin looked down and away, tears starting to wet their eyes. Gohan stood right behind Bulma, hands clenched hard, his fingernails digging into his skin. Piccolo stood to the side, his face as un-emotional as normal. No one could tell what he was thinking. Vegeta stood next to Bulma, arms crossed he looked at Goku, an un-spoken question in them. "If she can't beat him, how can we?" Goku shook his head and turned to look at the couch at a strange sound. Trunks was sitting up, staring at the TV, twitching angrily as he watched the scene. As Rumlah swung his hand down and fired, everyone turned their heads away, not wanting to see the end. They looked back after a moment as a huge explosion, sounding like a roll of thunder came from the TV set, along with the sound of screaming from the news crew. Instead of only Rumlah standing in plain, there was a second. Calyna stood proud and tall, drastically changed.

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> Rumlah gasped at Calyna standing in front of him. She was a little taller, but she had changed much more than that. Her hair was long, and was as red as fire, and it whipped around as wildly as if it were fire. Her eyes were stone hard, and a strange mixture of silver, black, and light blue. She raised her hand and Rumlah was pulled toward her till they were face to face. She spoke, her voice changed also, full and rich, making her seem as if she was no longer who she was. Her words echoed clearly so that even those watching on TV could hear and understand. "I am a Teryian, possessing a power that was never meant for this world, and the rage and strength in which to use it. I am the one waited for, named before I was, to uphold the peace of the galaxies, to succeed where others could not, to stop the darkest evil to ever threaten this world. And you, Rumlah, are that threat, and you will soon be unable to threaten, because you will be dead." She flew at Rumlah, and distributed the same punishment as he had when he over-powered her, except instead of regular punches, her's were powered by gold ki. Rumlah desperately blocked what he could, and tried to hit her as well, all his desperation and fear lending him a hand. He flew back a few feet and stood there breathing heavily. Both Calyna and Rumlah were covered in bleeding cuts and scrapes, and Calyna was grimacing from the pain of her ribs, but she ignored it. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. He had known she was powerful, but not like this. Calyna sped toward him and delivered an uppercut to his jaw, and jerked him around, then clasped both hands together and smashed him in the back. Rumlah lay in a crater, same as she had. Calyna raised her hands, and the sky grew dark, and thunder and lightning flashed and boomed across the world. A large attack formed between Calyna's hands, a strange red, gold and black ki. It blinked and flashed with great electricity, and half of the news crew's equipment broke. She swang her hands down and the attack leaped from her hands and struck Rumlah straight on. He uttered one strangled scream before the blast took its toll and killed him.

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 Calyna slowly floated down to the destroyed body of Rumlah, weary and injured. Rare tears ran down her cheeks, creating dark streaks. "Why Rumlah? We loved each other. I didn't want to kill you. But I had to, you would've killed Trunks, and anyone else, just for your pleasure. I couldn't let that happen. I couldn't. We were happy together, even the pain for war couldn't reach, I thought. WHY?!?!" Her scream echoed loudly through the surrounding hills. A medical team rushed down the hills, but didn't reach Calyna before her hair and eyes became their usual blonde and light blue, and she collapsed in a limp heap.

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> The group gathered in Bulma's living room cheered happily, celebrating the outcome of the fight. Only Trunks, Goku, Vegeta and Piccolo remained calm. They knew that there was more to the fight than could be seen through a TV screen. There had been something between Calyna and Rumlah, their fighting styles and moves were too similar to be coincidence, and their appearance was too similar also.

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 Calyna woke in a hospital bed, her ribs wrapped and bandaged. She winced she she moved. Her entire body was sore from the fight she turned her head as the door carefully opened then was flung open the rest of the way. She smiled as the entire group rushed in, all gabbing at once, except of course, Vegeta. She saw Piccolo floating outside the door. She tried to follow what everyone was saying, but didn't succeed. She just let them all talk, looking from face to face. Vegeta just looked stoney faced at her and nodded once then ignored her. She rolled her eyes. That was probably the only thing she'd ever get to him as his regard for her as a warrior. Oh well. Goku was wearing his oh-so familiar goofy grin, Trunks was justing sitting on a chair next to her bed, smiling happily, Choutzu wastalking excitedly in that annoyig high-pitched voice of his that didn't seem so annoying as usual, Gohan had greeted her warmly then went outside to try and convince Piccolo to come in. If he succeeded in that endeavour, she didn't know. She fell back asleep before she could see.

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 Two days later, Calyna left the hospital, her ribs mostly healed, but had told the doctors an dstaff that she hated hospitals and wasn't going to stay any longer. Trunks was supporting her from the side, because he was worried that's she'd fall and hurt herself more, or something like that, which she told him was foolishness. Bulma opned the door of the car and Calyna gingerly got in. She was still sore. Trunks hopped in the back and they sped down the road. Calyna looked at the landscape as they headed home, brilliant under the summer's setting sun. She smiled softly to herself. Light always followed darkness, and banished the dark. Everything dark from what past she could remember was gone. She could finally live her life in peace. At least, in relative peace. She never could tell what would happen next on Chikyuu.

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There. the end of Returned Warrior. Turned out longer than I thought. So, what did you guys think of the chapter, and the story overall? Shoudl I write more? What shoud I write. ARGH, I don't know what to write next. suggestions would be much appreciated, maybe they willl help get my muse back in action on what to do next..

End
file.